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SRI RAMAKRISHNA'S TEACHINGS

VAIRAGYAM : HOW TO ATTAIN IT

TO convince a Brahman that there is nothing like unselfish love in the world, a Sannyasin to whom he came for religious instruction, told him to go back to his home and feign death for some time and remain like a corpse stretching out his hands and legs as stiffly as he could. The Brahman acted accordingly. The Sannyasin immediately appeared on the scene and asked his wife how she would take the corpse out of the room. It could be done in either of the two ways, to break the door and some part of the wall open, or to cut off the hands and feet of her dead husband from the trunk. The wife weeping bitterly said, "Woe unto me, sir. By the cruel hands of destiny I am made a poor widow for life, having no means of sustenance. Where shall I find money to put the door back and repair the wall? I fear I shall have to take to the other course."

With anger and disgust the Brahman rose and grinned at his wife, "Aha, you sordid witch, is this the love you feigned to have for your husband who was, as you used to say, even greater than your own life and soul? Deceived as I was up till now, the spell is broken for ever. Live in your dear little cottage." So say-

ing he rushed out and spent the rest of his days in prayers and devotion.

Q.—How can we conquer the love of life?

A.—The human frame is made up of decaying matter. It is a collection of flesh, bone, marrow, blood and other filthy substances subject to putrefaction. By such constant analysis of the body, our love for it vanishes.

Q.—How can a man learn Vairagya?

A.—A wife once said to her husband, "My dear, I am very anxious about my brother. For the past few months he has been thinking of becoming a Sannyasin and preparing for it. He is trying gradually to reduce all his wants." The husband replied, "You need not at all be anxious about your brother. He will never become a Sannyasin. That is not the way." The wife: "How then does one become a Sannyasin?" The husband: "Would you see? This is the way." So saying he tore his cloth into pieces, took two pieces out of it, tied them round his loins in the form of a *Kaupin* and told his wife that she and all other women were henceforth his mother and left his home never to return.

THE ATTAINMENT OF SATVA

IN course of his comment on the 1st *Mantra*, section 12, chapter 8 of the Chhandogya Upanishad, Sankara gives expression to a deep and interesting truth in the following words : *Shuddhasatva-samkalpanimittānam tu Kāmānam Ishvaraḍehasambandhaḥ* : Desires arising from the volition of pure Satva are connected with the body of the Lord.

The *upadhi* (body) of the Lord, (by Whom of course the Lower Brahman is meant) is *Vishuddha satvapradhāna* (Vedanta Sara§ 13): one in which the pure Satva preponderates. He is *Samasty-upadhi*. He is *Vāsudeva* : His body is the all, He resides in all. Naturally therefore, the person who functions in the plane of pure Satva functions in and with the Lord. The Lord is *Satya-samkalpa, Satya-Kāmaḥ* (Chhandogya, VIII, 1.5) : Of true volition, of true desire. That is, nothing in Nature can obstruct or delay the immediate and thorough fulfilment of any desire, arising in His *upadhi*. So it follows that the purely Satvic can draw upon the powers of the All-powerful and the All-wise. Prakriti or Nature is made up of the three gunas : they are its component parts. So everything in Nature is a composite of these three. The Lord says in the Gita : "There is nothing on earth, or in heaven among the Devas, that is free from the three gunas arising from Prakriti." (VIII, 40). The way is to make the Satva preponderate in oneself. It can be done. "Satva arises, O Bharata, predominating

over Rajas and Tamas." (Gita, XIV.10). In the vehicle of the Lord, the highest, the Satva predominates, next comes in order of force Rajas, and last and least is Tamas. In his commentary on the 13th Sloka, chapter 4 of Gita, Sankara points out, that the gunas occur in the same scale in a Brāhman. The scale is different in the other three castes. The ideal therefore is to get the gunas in oneself in the highest order.

The way to begin is to combat Tamas by Rajas and finally overpower Rajas by Satva. The nature and properties of the three gunas are described in detail in Gita, chapter 14. So long as any property of the Tamas manifests itself prominently, it should be fought by Rajas. It is idle to attempt the culture of Satva with the Tamas strong. The result is often disastrous. Laziness, stupor and self-delusion usually pass for serenity, calmness and steadiness of purpose, in a Tamasic person who goes in for Satva. This is a very common complaint—we were going to say the order of the day—in this unfortunate country. Lethargy, confusion, vacillation, lack of grip and grit and half-heartedness stare one in the face from the proceedings of almost all the public and private movements in the country. Why? Because we are all more or less enveloped in Tamas. We shall have to transform this death-dealing energy to Rajas,—Life, before we can hope to gain Satva. Physical and mental debility owing to bad and insufficient

food, insanitary habits and chief of all, want of Brahmacharya are responsible for this state of things. How is it possible to have a pure heart and strong brain—the *sine qua non* of spirituality or Satva—with an anæmic body and a listless mind? Let each of us in his own life and surroundings strive to remedy this evil and effect a transformation. Let us be Rajasic first and put down this Tamas. Then will be time to think of Satva. Then shall we be qualified to rise to the plane of “true volition” and “true desire.” Then and not till then will our undertakings be crowned with success, for then our desires will function in and with those of the *upadhi* of the Lord.

Says the Chhandogya Sruti: *āharā-shuddhou sattvashuddhī, sattvashuddhou dhruvā smṛiti, smṛitilambhe sarvagranthinām bipramoksha* (VII. 26. 2.): On the purification of all sense-percepts follows the purification of the inner-sense; on the purification of the inner-sense the memory becomes perfect; on the perfection of the memory all ties break asunder. By *āhāra* is meant not food alone of the digestive apparatus, but food of all our instruments, all objects and impressions taken in by all the senses, in short the whole range of sense-experience. When nothing but the pure and Satvic food is taken in by the senses, the *Sattva* or the fourfold *antahkarana*, the inner-sense, the seat and centre of all the senses, is naturally cleansed of all its impurities accumulated by ages of attachments, aversions and their effects. The *antahkarana* which stands as a mirror, once cleansed and pure, reflects the Self within, in Its pristine glory. The dim and distorted reflection, ego, due to the

dirt and rust on the mirror, is lost in the brighter and fuller Image. All weakness due to ignorance or imperfect vision having ceased to exist, the perfect memory dawns—the memory of the only Reality, the memory that is changeless and therefore non-dual and non-oblivious. And what is the result? All ties, all attachments and aversions, all unrest and disharmony, in short all limitations are wiped out, and one more surge on the infinite ocean of Bliss bounds onward for eternity: the *Jiva* becomes *Shiva*.

The lesson is taught that each brick in the building must be sound. The food of each sense must be pure. The mind should be so cultivated that it would be unable naturally to retain any unorthodox food: any un-Satvic impression. In a word one should completely subjugate the Tamoguna in oneself and then the Rajas, and be full of Satva. The rest will follow.

But we have to begin from the beginning, to take up the various kinds of work as they come to us and slowly make ourselves more and more unselfish every day. We must do the work that has fallen to our lot and find out the motive power that is behind it, prompting us to do the work; and, almost without exception, in the first years, we shall find that our motives are always selfish; but gradually this selfishness will melt away by our persistence, and at last will come the time when we shall be able to do really unselfish work, at least now and then. Then we all may hope that some day or other, as we roll down the river of life, will come to us the time when we shall become perfectly unselfish; and the moment we become that, all our powers will get concentrated, and the knowledge of truth which will then be ours will become at once quite manifest.

—Vivekananda

A PSYCHIC PHENOMENON :

A TRUE OCCURRENCE

IT was one of those scorching summer noons in Rajputana, when the waste of sand glares like a huge burning lens; and small whirlwinds, that pretend sleep in it but start up every now and then, are plentiful; and even goats, hardy Rajputana goats, which are as much inured to the sand as to the sun, cannot be found picking at the dwarf thorn bushes—there came down from the railway train at a junction station, a young Sannyasin whose identity we are not at liberty to reveal. A cloak dyed in the usual Sannyasin colour and a third class ticket for a station some distance up, which some one had paid for, were about the only belongings he had. He did not possess even a *Kamandalu*, the drinking vessel of a Sannyasin. He sat down on the ground leaning against a post of the waiting shed for the third class passengers.

Of the motley crowd assembled there we need mention only a middle-aged man of the North India trading caste (Bania) who sat on a *durry* a little way off—almost opposite to the Sannyasin. For he had been trying to be merry at the latter's expense with whom he had been travelling in the same compartment since the evening preceding, because the Sannyasin had been starving since the previous day. He did not approve of Sannyas; no, he did not believe in giving up the world and its pursuits,—chiefly making money—for an idea. It

was only right that the Sannyasin should starve. And he took considerable pains to make it clear to the latter by means of arguments, illustrations and pleasantries, that he quite deserved it.

"Look here," began he again, with a derisive smile curling his lips, "what nice *puries*, (flour cake fried in butter) *laddus* and *peras* (sweets) I am eating. Here is some beautiful cold water in this *lota*, but they had to be bought with money. You do not care to earn money, so you have to rest content with a parched throat, an empty stomach and the bare ground to sit upon."

The Sannyasin looked on calmly. Not a muscle of his face moved.

Presently there appeared another person, also a local inhabitant, carrying a bundle and a *lota* in his right hand, a *durry* under his left arm and an earthen jug of water in his left hand. He hurriedly spread the *durry* in a clean spot, put the things he was carrying on it and rushed to the Sannyasin: "Do come Babaji, and take the food I have brought for you," said he.

A look of surprise appeared on the face of the Sannyasin, while his friend, the jeering Bania stood up and approached the new comer.

"Come on Babaji," repeated the man with vehemence, "you must come and have the food."

"I am afraid, you are making a mistake, my friend," said the Sannyasin. "Perhaps you are taking me for some other person. I do not remember to have ever met you."

"No, no," cried the other, "you are the Babaji I have seen."

"Waht do you mean?" said the Sannyasin, his curiosity fully aroused, while his jocose friend stood gaping at the scene. "Where have you seen me?"

"Why" replied his host, "I am a *háluai*, (maker of pastry and sweets). I was having my usual nap after my meal this noon. And I dreamt that Ramji was pointing you out to me and telling that He was pained you had been starving from the day previous and that I should get up instantly, prepare some *puries* and *tarkari* (curry) and bring them to you at the railway station with some *mithai*

(sweets), nice cold water and a *durri* for you to sit upon. I woke up but thinking it was only a dream I turned on my side and slept again. But Ramji in His infinite graciousness came to me again and actually pushed me to get up and do as He said. I could not stay any longer, but quickly prepared some *puries* and *tarkari*, and taking some *mithai* which I prepared this morning and some cold water and a *durri* from my shop I ran here direct and recognised you at once from a distance. Now do come and have your meal while it is hot."

The Sannyasin with love and thankfulness beaming on his countenance followed the good *háluai*, while his jesting friend, the Bania philosopher, stood rooted to the ground gazing at them in blank amazement.

X.

CHRISTIAN VEGETARIANISM

(Continued from page 206, Vol. VI.)

IN the preceding number was pointed out the hopeless attempts of vegetarians to reconcile their theories with the doctrines of Christ or the Church. I have to remark here that this criticism is not directed against the vegetarian movement itself, but the fallacies which dwarf and limit it. These are the colored glasses between the light and the crystal; and if removed the crystal will reflect the rays in pristine purity. I cannot but admire that noble spirit which pleads the cause of mercy for our dumb brothers—these poor creatures which have no voice in their own defence.

People trained from infancy in the belief that every virtue is to be found within Christianity, will naturally be unwilling to admit that anything good can exist outside its pale. From this viewpoint Europe and America send their missionaries to India and China to distribute the blessings of the Gospel to the "idolatrous heathens." Animals, however, are not included in the scheme of salvation propounded by these representatives of Christ, in whose diet, beef and wine find often a prominent place.

The late Bishop of India supported by her impoverished people showed great

zeal and energy in his endeavors to bring the country within the mercy of Christianity, but that mercy, as offered by him, did not extend to the animals. Some of the following extracts from Bishop Welldon's defence of vivisection will make this clear.

"As Christians we hold that man is entitled to take the life of the animal creation for his own use, and to take it even though the process of taking it is not painless....

"But, if under the mysterious Divine Law which constitutes sacrifice the price of human existence and the penalty of human progress, man is entitled to take the lives of the animals for his own life, who can doubt that what is true of mere sport, is not less true of medical or surgical relief?"

These assertions were based on texts chosen from the Genesis. "And the fear of you and the dread of you shall be upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, upon all that moveth upon the earth and upon all the fishes of the sea; into your hands are they all delivered..."

"Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you; even as the green herb have I given you all things." (First Book of Moses, IX.23.) Christians differing with the Bishop on this subject have accused him of unfairness in selecting certain passages whose authenticity is open to doubt. The same objection may be raised against other writings of the Bible. For, as far as I am aware, there is no historical evidence of those that wrote them. I refer to the Encyclopædia Britannica whether the Books of

Moses are less reliable than other parts of the Scriptures.

"Our knowledge of the opinions of ancient Jewish thinkers about inspiration comes chiefly from the Apocrypha, from Josephus, and from Philo Judæus....

"It is Philo who first seeks to give a theory of inspiration, and he does so by bringing the reflexions of Plato upon the Pagan inspiration or to explain the Jewish doctrine....

"Moses has the first place in the scale of inspired writers ;.....but this idea of degrees of inspiration, a conception borrowed from Plato, does not seem to prevent Philo from thinking that the very words of the Old Testament were all inspired of God. (*Vit. Mos.*, 2. § 7)."

Bishop Welldon in defending vivisection chose from the Scriptures what suited his purpose; others have done likewise in support of different theories. The objection then against the Bishop's method reduces itself to this: "The parts of the Bible I believe in are inspired; those that you believe in are not."

I shall now take up the argument that the universe is ruled by a God of *infinite love* and *mercy*, and that therefore cruelty to animals is opposed to divine law. Now, what grounds are there for this Christian postulate of God untenable by their own Scriptures and irrefragably refuted by logic and science? Does man's empirical knowledge of nature furnish any reason for this assumption of an all-beneficent Being guiding the world's welfare?

To the æsthetic mind contemplating nature on a June day in the Himalayas, the scene must seem one of transcendent

beauty, suggesting a glimpse of the Platonic Idea. The air is musical with the sound of innumerable lives and vibrant with the glad song of birds, to which the woodpecker's tap beats rhythmic time. The green ground sprinkled with flowering plants, the profusion of foliage and trees with branches glistening with ruby-coloured flowers blend in nature's poetic harmony. The mountain sceneries unequalled in splendor and sublimity by any other in the world, bespeak the vastness and grandeur of nature.

As our thoughts play lightly we think nature a joyous harmony singing praise and testifying to the goodness and wisdom of God.

But the philosopher searching for the truth will not be deceived by these surface appearances. He knows that what, to our senses, is joy, beauty, harmony is equally terror, misery, death, to other lives; nay, that even this enchanting aspect of nature† is, in a sense, a source of evil stimulating the desire for corporeal existence—the desire that chains the soul to the circle of birth and death.

The birds, so innocent and pleasing in our eyes, feed on the hapless worms and insects and devour their weaker brothers without the least scruples. Their song delighting our ears is inspired by the sexual instinct, and sounds the note of the continuous perpetuation of death and suffering. The tap of the woodpecker tolls the death knell of the worm seized by its beak piercing the bark of the tree.

† This has no reference to the æsthetic contemplation taught by Schopenhauer as a means for reaching liberation and by the idealism of Plato.

The hungry frog in search of insects is swallowed by the snake, the latter becomes the meal of some other creature, which in its turn is destroyed by a stronger, and so on, *ad infinitum*,

It is needless to comment on the rapine and murder amongst the beasts of prey in the jungle. I shall only point out that some herbivorous animals are, in certain ways, more destructive than the carnivora. Tigers, leopards, and other ferocious beasts, are even a sort of protection to the peasant agriculturist by killing the deer and antelopes which eat and destroy his crops, thus causing untold misery to him and his family.

“The abode of the prey therefore has determined the shape of its pursuer: if that prey takes refuge in regions difficult of access, in remote hiding places, in night or darkness, the pursuer assumes the form best suited to those circumstances, and no shape is rejected as too grotesque by the will to live, in order to attain its ends.....Moor-fowls appear equipped with extra long legs, extra long necks and extra long beaks, in short, the strangest shapes, in order to seek out reptiles in their marshes. Then we have the ant-bear with its body four feet long, its short legs, its short claws, and its long, narrow, toothless muzzle provided with a threadlike, glutinous tongue for the purpose of digging out the white ants from their nests. The pelican goes fishing with a huge pouch under its beak in which to pack its fish, when caught. In order to surprise their prey while asleep in the night, owls fly out provided with enormous pupils which enable them to see in the dark, and with very soft feathers to make their flight

noiseless and thus permit them to fall unawares upon their sleeping prey without awakening it by their movements. *Silurus*, *gym notus* and *torpedo* bring a complete electric apparatus into the world with them, in order to stun their prey before they can reach it ; and also as a defence against *their own* pursuers. For wherever anything living breathed, there immediately came another to devour it, and every animal is in a way designed and calculated throughout, down to the minutest detail, for the purpose of destroying some other animal. Ichneumons, for instance, among insects, lay their eggs in the bodies of certain caterpillars and similar *larvæ*, in which they bore holes with their stings, in order to ensure nourishment for their future brood. Now those kinds which feed on *larvæ* that crawl about freely, have short stings not more than about one-third of an inch long, whereas *pimpla manifestator*, which feeds upon *chelostoma maxillosa*, whose *larvæ* lie hidden in old trees at great depth and are not accessible to it, has a sting two inches long ; and the sting of the *ichneumon strobilæ* which lay its eggs in *larvæ* dwelling in fir-cones, is nearly as long. With these stings they penetrate to the *larva* in which they bore a hole and deposit one egg, whose product subsequently devours this *larva*."†

—Schopenhauer.

† On this wonderful adaptation in nature is based the Teleological Proof, by far the most plausible of the theistic proofs, though it places the all-mercy of the Creator in a rather awkward position. Theologians still continue confusing the minds of people with the Design argument, as if it were not antiquated by evolutionary science and cut into shreds by the perspicuity of Hume and the genius of Kant.

All this cruelty in nature, we are told, will gradually grow less till at last it entirely disappears as evolution reaches its highest point ; and so when nature is viewed in its whole aspect, the divine purpose of compassion is seen throughout. In virtue of this law of progression it is shown that in England nature has grown milder ; in her fields "the thorns are less thorny and the briars less prickly" etc.* The flocks and herds may graze from the plenty and rest in peace, for wild beasts in search of their prey no longer roam the land.

The savage beasts mentioned do not exist in England because as man took possession of every part of the island, he exterminated all the animals dangerous or useless to himself and his interest (that is, as far as he could), and subjugated the remaining ones to his service.

For, as Prof. Paul Deussen says, "He declares all other beings in nature as without rights and possessions, as things for his own use. Accordingly men have appropriated the whole earth and divided it amongst themselves—nor would they scruple to divide the moon, if they could only reach it."

A writer in the *Herald of the Golden Age* is moved with pity on seeing ants carry away flies as food for their unhatched young. He seems somewhat to

* This winsome mood of nature is no exclusive development of this age. Nature was no less charming and (apparently) innocent over two thousand years ago, on the soft grass near the fountain of cool water, under the shady branches of the plane tree on the banks of the river Lissus, where Phaedrus drew Socrates to read Lysias' oration on love.

doubt the 'divine purpose' as manifested in the instinct of the ants, and his words imply the thought that he might possibly improve on it. "We tried to turn up the soil and save these buried flies, but when we attempted to draw them away, at once a little vicious knot of ants laid hold and tugged and fought and stung, so that when we had rescued the fly it was but to find it dying."

This intended kindness to the flies deprived the ants of the reward of their toil, ruined their subterranean homes created by their most ardent labor, and probably destroyed their unborn young. So this compassion identified with the interest of the flies meant the greatest cruelty to the ants.

I shall here borrow a passage from Fiske's book, "Through Nature to God" showing another side of the pleasing picture of country fields :

"Any summer field, though mantled in softest green, is the scene of butchery as wholesale as that of Neerwinden and far more ruthless. The life of its countless tiny denizens is one of unceasing toil, of crowding and jostling, where the weaker fall unpitied by the way, of starvation from hunger and cold, of robbery utterly shameless and murder utterly cruel. That green sward in taking possession of its territory has exterminated scores of flowering plants of the sort that human economics and æsthetics stigmatize as weeds, nor do the blades of the victorious army dwell side by side in amity, but in their eagerness to dally with the sunbeams thrust aside and supplant one another without the smallest compunction. Of the crawling insects and those

that hum through the air, with the quaint snail, the burrowing worm, the bloated toad, scarce one in a hundred but succumbs to the buffets of adverse fortune before it has achieved maturity and left offspring to replace it. The early bird, who went forth in quest of the worm, was lucky if at the close of a day as full of strife and peril as ever knight-errant encountered, he did not himself serve as a meal for some giant foe in the gloaming. When we think of the hawk's talons buried in the breast of the wren, while the relentless beak tears the little wings from the quivering bleeding body, our mood toward Nature is changed, and we feel like recoiling from a world in which such black injustice, such savage disregard for others, is part of the general scheme."

(To be continued.)

AMERICAN.

And, now and then an amiable person, like Jung Stilling, or Robert Huntington, believes in a pistareen-Providence, which whenever the good man wants a dinner, makes that somebody shall knock at his door, and leave a half-dollar. But Nature is no sentimentalist—does not cosset or pamper us. We must see that the world is rough and surly, and will not mind drowning a man or a woman; but swallows your ship like a grain of dust....Let us not deny it up and down. Providence has a wild, rough, incalculable road to its end, and it is of no use to try to whitewash its huge, mixed instrumentalities, or to dress up that terrific benefactor in a clean shirt and white neckcloth of a student in divinity.

—Emerson.

FACT STRANGER THAN FICTION

(Concluded from page 210 Vol. VI.)

XII.

HURLAL was laid up for six days. Nurun wanted to come the second night but Hurlal did not permit as he said it was unnecessary. After an absence of ten nights he turned up on the eleventh, at which Nurun expressed her gladness by firing an extraordinary volley of abuse. The wine bottle and glasses were put upon the table, but Hurlal said he would not drink.

"Have one glass, that can't do you harm," pressed Nurun.

"No" said Hurlal, gravely. "I have come to take leave of you for good, for you have been very good to me. I have had enough of this life."

"Stuff and nonsense. Are you going to be a saint? Then I must be your saintess too. Let us have a sip first," and Nurun poured a glass, drank a little and held the rest up to Hurlal's lips.

"I am not joking," said Hurlal calmly, turning away his face. "I tell you, because I love you. A great storm has passed through my heart. I have suddenly awakened to see such living instances of purity, selflessness, strength and love that this foolish dream of a beastly life is dispelled for ever. I have seen, as it were from a great distance, the haven of true happiness and peace and I have determined to go to it. You must have heard about Dayal's wife's devotion to him. You know to what length she

went for her husband. But do you know of a still nobler example? Have you heard of my sister, Devi, Rambullubh's wife, whose courage and strength were at the bottom of Suchinta's rescue; whose wonderful patience and self-control are without a parallel in our times, whose love for her husband though he behaves brutally to her has become a byword? Do you know whence come all these? It is from purity alone. Their two examples have so influenced a Christian girl, named Marian, who lived at the Zenana Mission and attended on Suchinta during the time she was there, that she was given up the Mission and her mother and has come to live by Rambullubh's house, so that she may be as close to Devi and Suchinta and see them as often as possible. She has started a Hindu girl school there in which Dayal's father is helping."

"Really!" exclaimed Nurun, for she felt highly interested in Marian's account. "It is very strange."

"Yes, it is strange. But stranger still that I did not see all this before. Now I shall go and endeavour to change my life," said Hurlal rising. "You have been very good to me. May God awaken you as He has done me!"

Nurun burst into tears and caught both hands of Hurlal. "Do see me once again to-morrow," she sobbed.

"I intend leaving this for Benares to-morrow," said Hurlal.

"If that is so," said Nurun still crying "take this purse, for I know you have no money."

"I won't take your money any longer. I shall walk to Benares," said Hurlal.

"Accept it for God's sake," entreated she. "I love you as I have never loved. Let my money go to some good use, for that may perhaps help me in "awaking" some day as you say."

"I shall take the money then, to help the poor and the needy. May this good *karma* be the means of your disillusionment," said Hurlal, and walked away.

The next day Hurlal sent word to Devi to come and see him, which she did at noon, and told her his plans, which Devi heartily approved, after which Hurlal took leave of his people amidst the usual flood of tears and departed.

XIII.

In about three or four days' time after Hurlal's departure for Benares, Rambullubh was informed of the event by an associate. He thought it afforded an excellent opportunity of trying for Nurun's love once more. So he went to her place the same evening. He did not find her at her usual place in the balcony and on enquiry was informed by the maid that she had not been feeling well for some time past, and had seen no one for the last five or six days. She had her orders to say that she would not see anybody.

Rambullubh heard this with a "Umph, love-sick for Hurlal" and asked the maid to get some whiskey.

The maid went in and informed Nurun of Rambullubh's importunity at which Nurun came out.

"How now," began Rambullubh. "Kohinur so love-sick that she does not care to dress even properly. Lucky Hurlal! But is it just to be cruel to an old and loyal servant?"

"I beg you not to vex me. I am not feeling well," said Nurun.

"What is your ailment—love fever?" said Rambullubh, "then I know a cure. Here maid, get the whiskey, I will cure your mistress."

"I tell you," said Nurun impatiently, "no nonsense with me. Go home, blind fool, and endeavour to repay the love of your angel wife."

"You are my angel—my Kohinur," said Rambullubh moving towards her.

"I will have to turn you out, if you go on like this," said Nurun sharply, drawing herself away. "Here is a fool, that will blind himself with his own hands. Mad brute! When would you know that you have a goddess in your home who pours out her love to you without caring for return as a goddess even cannot do, while you hang on unworthy and unfortunate creatures like myself who are not fit even for her sight? Go home, I advise you as a friend. Try to understand your wife Devi. Do not degenerate yourself any more. Her ennobling influence and powerful love will save you yet."

Nurun turned away and walked in, leaving Rambullubh rather in a confusion.

He stood there a few seconds, undecided, and then left Nurun's home for the wineshop, abusing her for playing the saint, and Devi and Hurlal, for nothing in particular.

His rage of disappointment increased as the contents of the bottle before him decreased. He rose after emptying his last glass swearing vengeance on Devi, for being so good.

It proved an extra hard night for poor Devi that; the brute maddened by drink and anger set upon her with a stick inflicting several cuts, as she sat in the kitchen awaiting his coming home, watching his food. The maidservant and his mother ran to the kitchen and turned the brute out, amidst reproaches and threats to call in the neighbours and Dayal's father. Rambullubh began to weep falling at his mother's feet that Nurun would not care for him though Hurlal had left her, for Devi was so good and great, she said.

Early next morning, as soon as the maidservant had come from Marian's place, Rambullubh's mother sent her to call Suchinta. When Suchinta came she told her of Rambullubh's conduct last night and asked her to speak to her father-in-law in her name, to come to her house once that morning and speak to Rambullubh. She said she would go away with Devi somewhere if Rambullubh did not give up beating her.

Dayal's father came in as Rambullubh had just come out of bed. He was not an early riser.

"Come in, uncle, do," cried Rambullubh, as soon as he saw the old gentleman, for it was his old mother and the retired Deputy Magistrate alone that he had any respect for, in the whole world. "Here maid, get a chair and prepare the *hooka*."

"I have come this morning to you to ask a favour," said the old man seating himself. "You will have to grant it to me."

Rambullubh was rather taken aback at the language, for he never knew the retired Deputy Magistrate begging favours of anybody, least of all of himself.

"What is it, what can I do? Your wish is a command to me. I am at your service," hurried on Rambullubh.

"I know you will not refuse me. It is this," said the old man deliberately, "you must give me your word of honour that you will not ill treat Devi any longer."

"I am ashamed"—faltered Rambullubh.

"You shall have to give it up," continued the old man with absolute determination. "You do not know who Devi is. She is the incarnation of Lakshmi and Saraswati in one. I will not let you ill treat her any more. Know that even the hair of my head is sold to her. I shall be prepared to do anything and everything to save her even the least pain."

"I am very much ashamed of myself that you had to tell me all this. I promise you I will not do it again," said Rambullubh.

"Very good, my son. May Mahamayi give you the right sight!" said the old man as he rose to go to the kitchen to see Devi.

Rambullubh determined not to drink that evening but to come straight home from office. During the day the thought glittered through his mind a few times that it was strange while everybody praised Devi so highly he never thought much of her. She was very good and uncomplaining, but there were a thousand others like her.

On coming home he found Devi sitting on a chair in his bedroom, dressed

up most gaudily. He had never seen Devi dress well, nor did he care to. But by all that was sacred, thought Rambullubh, Devi looked charming. Astonished he asked, "Are you going anywhere?"

"Yes, to the theatre," replied Devi smiling.

"To the theatre, what do you mean?" said Rambullubh, utterly confounded.

"I am going to play a part, this evening" she went on, "act as my husband's prostitute. For he is not happy if he does not drink out of the prostitute's hands of an evening."

"Wicked girl!" replied Rambullubh highly pleased. "But what is your husband to drink? He is not pleased with anything under whiskey."

"There" said Devi rising, pointing to a table in the adjoining room.

On the table Rambullubh saw neatly arranged several bottles of different drinks and accessories.

"You have determined to reform me," said he smiling, gladness filling his heart

at the sight of the bottles. "Very well, will be a good boy from this date."

Will the reader be surprised if we were to tell him that in a few months Rambullubh got over his drinking habit altogether, and was transformed into an ideal Hindu gentleman by the chastening, strengthening, ennobling influence of his wife?

And will he be very much astonished, if he learnt that in about a month's time after Hurlal's departure Nurun sought for Devi's help in enabling her to give up her old life, that she sold all her jewels and fine dresses and deposited her whole money with Devi and joined, at Devi's direction, Marian's school which was daily flourishing, as sewing teacher, and lived with her—for they soon became great friends—a life of purity, self-sacrifice and devotion to spirituality, as did Marian, under the guidance, strengthened by the daily instance, and raised by degrees into higher steps by Devi and Suchinta?

WATCHMAN.

ABSTEMIOUSNESS

IT is the man of controlled senses whose efforts in the direction of religious culture can be productive of good results. Abstemiousness, by which we mean moderation in diet, is one form of sense-control and as such, should be carefully cultivated like other virtues by systematic practice. Indulgence of sense pleasures avenges itself not only by increasing the desire for further enjoyment of them, thus making the mind unwilling to concentrate itself on abstract conceptions—

the essential element in Yoga—but hinders even the willing mind to carry on the process of meditation, by setting up unfavorable physiological conditions. The physical instrument with which the mind works becomes clogged as it were, when the stomach is too full. A noted writer in the *Lancet* reminds us that De Quincey was assured on medical authority that a man could be drunk upon beefsteak, and that food may produce great mental torpor. He goes on to say:

"It is the empty stomach that best suits a full head and ideas that flow out freely before retire with the entry of substantial repast. Oliver Wendell Holmes, with that charming blend of wit and scientific knowledge that gave the distinction to his writings, has discoursed upon this very point. He talks of the 'bulbous-headed fellows steaming as they write,' and shows how to meet the demands of thought and imagination. The brain must have more than its share of the circulating blood. There must be no rival in the full liver or the actively digesting gland of the gastric mucous membrane. Do not eat heavily, then, if you are soon to think hard. Either your ideas or your dinner will be neglected and lie a sorry weight upon your head or your epigastrium. The poor half-starved poet is familiar to everyone. We may mitigate our pity by reflecting that in

many cases he would have been no poet if he had not starved. Enough fuel to sustain the fire of life is necessary for work, but heap on the coal and you will deaden the over-burdened flame. The great thinkers, the great workers in any direction but a purely physical one, have for the most part been abstemious men. If not naturally of small appetite, they have exercised constant restraint, grudging from the play of higher functions every moment and every energy spent upon the animal activities of their nature. Habit soon helps the fine effort of such people, and it becomes natural for them to eat less, to drink less, and to sleep less than their fellows. Thus in a long life of intellectual activity, many scores of hours are utilized for the main purpose, which in the case of other men are squandered upon the dinner-table or in the mere nothingness of sleep or idling."

SELF-SACRIFICE

(Adapted from the Mahabharata)

KING Ushinara was performing his Yajna. All of a sudden a pigeon hotly pursued by a hawk, flew down on his lap from above. The king immediately gave protection to the terrified bird against its pursuer, who being thus deprived of his food asked the king to give the pigeon over to him. By well-reasoned arguments he tried to convince the king that he was about to commit a sin in the name of religion, for he (the hawk) would die without food which meant certain death to his family who were unable to find food for themselves. He

went on to say, "When one virtue conflicts with another, the wise should choose that which is the greater. Why are you then going to kill so many to save one single soul?" The King: Your words betray that you are conversant with the truths of religion. How can you then ask me to forsake one who has taken refuge unto me? I will gladly give you whatever else you want to appease your hunger, but on no account I will part with the poor pigeon. I am ready to give you even my vast prosperous kingdom if by that you will agree to leave the pigeon

with me. Tell me what I can do for you.

Hawk : O king, if the pigeon is so dear to you, I won't ask you any more to give it to me. But the only thing which will satisfy me quite as well as the pigeon is your own flesh. Take away from your body the same quantity of flesh as the pigeon has and give it to me to eat.

The King : It is kind of you to let me know your intention. I shall gladly give you what you want.

So saying Ushinara, put the pigeon on one scale of the balance and cutting off from his own body some flesh which seemed to weigh about the same as the pigeon, put it on the other. Finding that the scale inclined on the side of the pigeon he took off some more flesh from his body.

Still the scale would not turn. He put a third lump, yet it would not move. Then he threw down the knife, hurriedly glanced at the scales, and stood up. With his whole frame burning with the fire of determination, he himself mounted on the scale, thus giving him up to the hawk for his food !

The hawk and the pigeon were two gods, Indra and Agni respectively, come to see for themselves to what extent the king was ready to sacrifice himself for others. Is it necessary to say that what they saw satisfied their highest expectation, for can self-denial go higher than this ?

A SANNYASIN.

IN AID OF THE SADHUS

AN APPEAL

MOST of our readers are aware that early in July 1901, a home for the sick and helpless Sadhus was started at Kankhal near Hardwar by the Sannyasin Brotherhood headed by Swami Vivekananda. Since its opening, the Home, now known as the Ramakrishna Sevashrama has been enabled by public support to carry on its work on the proposed lines. The encouragement thus received has recently led to the opening of a branch home at Rishikesh which, being situated in a sequestered vale of the Himalayas, is a most favourite resort of the Sadhus. But the very thing which makes it so attractive to them, cuts it off completely from those means of relief which every being in flesh and blood so badly needs in times of suffering brought on by disease. It need hardly be said that a place where about a thousand homeless, friendless Sannyasins spend

about six months of the year and where there is no other arrangement for looking after them when they are sick and ailing affords almost an unlimited field of work such as is sought to be done by the Ramakrishna Sevashrama. But this extension of work means added demand for funds. It is to the generous public, and particularly to our readers who have all along shown so much practical sympathy with the works undertaken by the Brotherhood, that we again look for help. It is upon their support that the maintenance of the Sevashrama (the practical value of which is not difficult to realise) and its further development depend.

All contributions, however small, in aid of the Sevashrama will be thankfully received and acknowledged duly in this paper by the undersigned.

VIMALANANDA,
Joint Editor, Prabuddha Bharata.

CORRESPONDENCE

VEDANTA WORK IN AMERICA

To the EDITOR, Prabuddha Bharata.

Dear Sir,

Active work in the Vedanta Society began on the 1st of November last with the resuming of classes and the weekly lectures, and never since its foundation has it opened a season so auspiciously. It is, indeed, as if it had suddenly emerged from its period of probation and had risen to the rank of an established institution in the community. Clergymen of such authority and prominence as Bishop Potter are not only recognizing its existence, but are citing long passages from its publications—such as the Swami Abhedananda's lecture on "Woman's Place in Hindu Religion"—in order to correct the false impressions which Christian missionaries have circulated concerning India and its religious belief; while applications for membership are coming from sources hitherto untouched by the Vedanta teaching.

This awakening of interest on the part of the general public, furthermore, finds its full counterpart within the Society itself. The increase in earnestness,—the desire to aid in the work manifested by the older students—has given an impetus to it such as none dared hope for so soon; and has encouraged the Swami to attempt a course of instruction in Jnana Yoga, which would have seemed far beyond the comprehension of his listeners six months ago. Now, however, although

the list of subjects for November and December,— "Religion of Vedanta," "Search after Truth," "What is Immortality?" "Worship of God as the Mother," "Soul and God," "Who Creates Evil?" "What is Reincarnation?" "The Attributes of God," "Unity in Variety,"—calls for the most abstract expositions of Higher Truth, the large audiences which gather each week in Carnegie Lyceum follow with wrapt attention every word which the Swami utters; while the Society rooms on Tuesday evenings are filled to the doors with a public equally eager to hear him expound that portion of the Upanishads known to English-speaking people, through Edwin Arnold's translation, as "The Secret of Death."

He himself has come back to his winter's task with an unusually large store of force and vitality—thanks to a three months' journey to the Pacific coast, during which he was able for the first time to perceive how far his field of influence extends. At every turn, indeed, he met well-wishers and friends—those who had heard him lecture, or who had read his pamphlets, and who were more than anxious to render him any service within their power. Unable to resist their urgent solicitations, he was occasionally prevailed upon to give a talk on Vedanta; and at the invitation of Prof. Howison, Professor of Philosophy in the

University of California, he delivered a lecture before the faculty and students of that institution. So far as he could, however, he held to his resolution to take a complete rest and do no public speaking.

He returned to New York at the beginning of October and had the pleasure of finding the Society house entirely renovated and made for the first time a really suitable home for the work. All the rented furniture had been removed, the walls rehung, the floors recarpetted, and the class-room, where the daily meditation is held, converted into a sort of chapel.

With such bettered outward conditions and such inward zeal on the part of the students, the present year promises to be richer in results than any of the seven which have preceded it. L.G.

New York, 21st November, 1901.

THE BHARAT DHARMA MAHAMANDAL

To the EDITOR, Prabuddha Bharata.

Dear Sir,

There can be no mistake about the signs of a religious revival, which are now to be seen in almost every part of India. The Hindus are gradually awakening to the fact that they can no longer neglect their religion if they should strive to reach the position which once belonged to them. They are coming to know by degrees that some of the serious defects in their character which have prevented the growth of a healthy national life can be removed only by means of organised effects in the direction of spiritual culture. Social regeneration, the cultivation of national character on sound bases, and even the material prosperity of a great

and old nation like the Hindus can alone be effected through religion which serves as the strongest bond of unity between its members. In India no attempt at national regeneration can be effective unless assisted by the spiritual force.

For a long time the Hindu religious societies such as Sri Bharat Dharma Mahamandal, Sri Nigamagam Mandali, Dharma Mandali, Dharma Parisad, &c., worked independently and slowly with their different objects. But thanks to the special care, uncommon generosity and sincere patriotism of His Highness Maharajah Rameshwar Singh Bahadur of Durbhanga, the first two Societies have been amalgamated for the propagation of the Sanatan Dharma—the eternal religion,—and a central office has been established to control the management of the Shaka Sabhas—the branch societies of the Mahamandal. I am exceedingly glad to hear from the Muttra office that native princes and enlightened gentry are joining this great national Society which is indeed a very hopeful sign. The movements of this great religious association will, it is hoped, do immense good to the nation by making it realise that it has still a national religion, a national literature and some national instincts to bind its members together. It is further hoped that the Mahamandal will be a powerful agent for establishing true loyalty in the hearts of the Indian people towards their beloved Emperor by the force of such holy commands as "*Naranancha Naradhipam*" of Sri Gitajee.

Yours faithfully,

GOPAL SINH,

Thakur of Kharwa, a member of the
Bharat Dharma Mahamandal.

NEWS AND NOTES

IT is understood that the Calcutta High Court have refused Mr. Pennel's application to be enrolled at the Calcutta Bar.

REPORT of the Famine Commission presided over by Sir Anthony Macdonnell, which is in the printer's hands, will be published shortly in England.

REGARDING the probable visit of the Prince of Wales to India in November next, reported by Reuter, nothing is said to be known in Calcutta officially.

THE North Lambeth Liberal and Radical Association has selected Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji as the Liberal Candidate for the division by 66 votes against 59 recorded in favour of his rival, Mr. W. Wightman.

A YOUNG American Lady, Miss Mary Williams Montgomery, has just taken her Doctor's degree in Philosophy at the University of Berlin. She passed her examination, as stated in her diploma, "cum laude"—with honours.

THE King is devoting £200,000 anonymously placed at his disposal for philanthropic purposes to the establishment of a tuberculosis sanatorium mainly for persons of limited means, and has appointed an advisory committee of eight eminent physicians.

MR. JAMES S. COTTON, brother of the Chief Commissioner of Assam, has been

appointed to carry out the revision of the *Imperial Gazetteer*, the stupendous work from the pen of the late Sir William Hunter. The editor-in-chief, who was formerly a Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and editor of the *Academy*, helped Sir William Hunter in the preparation of this work and the *Gazetteer of Bengal*. His head-quarters will be at the India Office and experts will write special sections.

REPORTS from Kabul show that the Amir Habibullah Khan is doing his utmost to remedy some of the abuses which existed under the somewhat peculiar system of government favoured by his father. The extensive system of espionage which formed such a large factor in the Government of the late Amir necessarily led to many cases of unjust imprisonment. Habibullah Khan is having a thorough enquiry made into all suspicious cases, and when it is found that justice has been exceeded, the prisoner is released.

A MADRAS contemporary is glad to learn that the manufacture of lemon grass oil is being carried on in some villages of Cochin on a commercial scale and to some extent in Ponani. More than 50 machines are said to be working—single machine producing two bottles of oil a day. The industry has been carried on in some parts of Travancore for a long time past. The oil is said to be

good for rheumatism. The grass is popularly known in Madras as *Sambhara Pullu* and is spoken of as a good substitute for tea, especially in fever.

THE excavations at Pompeii have recently brought to light a very interesting discovery. In a garden of one of the houses has been found a sculptured marble slab, which has been recognised as belonging to the fourth century B. c. It is certainly of Greek origin, and represents the sacrifice of a sheep to a goddess, which, to judge from the place where the sculpture was found, and from the fact that the sheep and the pigeon were symbols of Venus, must be meant for that goddess. Besides, the figure is clad in a peplus; wears a diadem, and carries a sceptre, thus showing that Venus is intended. The whole group is very fine, and must have been the work of the best artists of the age. The slab is to be taken to the museum at Naples.

THE problem of utilising solar heat as a substitute for fire has been solved by Pundit Sri Kissen Joshi of Almora now residing in Allahabad. He has invented an apparatus for focussing the rays of the sun by means of reflectors and for keeping the focus thus produced to one spot, by means of an automatic machinery, to serve as a heating agent. The name given to the apparatus is *Bhanutap* in Indian languages and *Heliotherm* in European languages. The only practical use to which it has been applied hitherto is the cooking of food. But the inventor has succeeded in turning out a small model of a steam engine by means of a boiler heated by solar rays and he hopes to be able to turn steam engines by

means of his apparatus for industrial purposes.

We heartily congratulate Pundit Sri Kissen Joshi on his great invention. It has a great future before it. If properly encouraged and utilized, it will effect savings of crores of rupees in fuel and will conduce largely to the development of many industries.

THE December (1901) report of the Ramakrishna Sevashrama, Kankhal, forwarded on the 2nd January, is as follows:—

There were twenty-seven out-door Sadhu patients, of whom twenty were cured, one left treatment and six are still under treatment. The number of out-door Grihastha patients was ten, of whom seven were cured, two left treatment and one is still under treatment. The number of in-door Sadhu patients was eight. Five of them were cured, one removed to the Government Hospital, Hardwar, and two are still under treatment.

EXPENDITURES.

			R.	A.	P.
Food	8	10	4½
Bedding	4	3	0
Light	0	4	0
House rent...	3	0	0
Establishment	4	1	9
Medicines and a medical book	62	8	0		
Postage and Telegram fee	1	14	3		
Money Order Commission	0	4	0		
Sundries	0	3	9
Utensils	12	14	6
Gift in the shape of bed quilts and warm clothing	3	1	3

Total ... 101 0 10½

Besides the above, 2 mds. 7 srs. 8 chs. of flour, 32 srs. 6 chs. of rice, 29 srs. of dal, and 7 srs. of salt were consumed.

ARTIFICIAL silk is now being manufactured in Germany. It is called the Elberfeld Glazeside, and it has all the appearance of the genuine article. It is manufactured from chemically pure cotton. Unlike artificial silk produced from nitro cellulose, it has properties which allow it to be dyed without losing any of its natural gloss while it varies greatly in texture and substance, from the finest to more common kinds. To the touch it does not seem quite so soft and light as real silk.

BUTTERMILK as a remedial agent, says *Health*, cannot be praised too highly. The lactic acid, the sour of the buttermilk, attacks and dissolves every sort of earthy deposit in the blood-vessels. Thus it keeps the veins and arteries so supple and free running there can be no clogging up; hence no deposit of irritating calcareous matter around the joints, nor of poisonous waste in the muscles.

TAKE what hypothesis you will, consider matter as an instrument through which the insulated mind exercises its powers, or consider both as so inextricably mixed that they stand or fall together, from both points of view the care of the body is equally important. The morality of clean blood ought to be one of the first lessons taught us by our pastors and masters. The physical is the substratum of the spiritual, and this fact ought to give the food we eat and the air we breathe a transcendental significance. In recommending this proper care of our physical organism, it will not be supposed that I mean the stuffing or pampering of the body. The shortening of the

supplies or a good monkish fast at intervals is often the best discipline for it.

—*Tyndall*.

LET us be like a bird one instant lighted
Upon a twig that swings :
He feels it yields; but sings on unaffrighted
Knowing he hath his wings.

—*Victor Hugo*.

IF man knew the beauties of the spiritual world by which he is surrounded, and which he may see when he awakens from the dream of external life by becoming self-conscious in the spirit, his interest in the affairs of this mundane existence would be diminished to a considerable extent. Such knowledge, however, is only attainable to those who are capable of entering the interior state, and has nothing to do with the dreams of the visionary who revels among the products of his own fancy.—*Franz Hartmann*.

O God, grant that I may become beautiful within, and that those external things which I may have, may be such as may best agree with a right internal disposition of mine; and that I may account him to be rich who is wise and just.—*Socrates*.

MY MASTER

A COMPREHENSIVE lecture on SRI RAMAKRISHNA, delivered by Swami Vivekananda in New York, appended with Mr. Pratap Chunder Mazoomdar's account of the Master from the *Theistic Quarterly Review*, October 1879.

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